

# DOCTOR • WHO

## SHIPWRECK!

PART TWO

Previously in *Doctor Who Adventures*: The *Doctor* and *Martha*, together with the *crew* of a fishing trawler called the *Seamancer*, have been transported *420,000 light years* from Earth to the planet *Surobos*.

The *Seamancer* has been *shipwrecked* on the coast of a volcanic island and the survivors now face the *deadly Suroban*!

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**Alien intruders!**  
According to the ancient  
lore of the shoal of  
Suroban your *worthless*  
*lives* are forfeit!

Hold on a minute  
- that's no way to  
welcome *visitors*!

We've come  
a *long way*, y'know...  
we were hoping for  
a nice *cup of tea*, not  
immediate execution.

Oof! All right, all  
right - I get the point.  
Points, *plural*.

You speak our  
language!

Miss Jones is quite  
*correct*. Allow me to introduce  
ourselves... I am *Captain*  
*Ketley* of the *Seamancer*...  
this is my navigator  
*Mr Rourke* and the  
*ship's cook*...

Oh, lovely to meet  
you. Alalal, that's  
a *great* name.  
Can I call you *Al*?

It is *not*  
a name. It is  
a *title*.

Hey! Leave  
him *alone*!

It's a *gift*. Please,  
*don't* hurt him...  
can't we *talk* about  
this? We're only  
here by *accident*.

Your names  
are *senseless*.  
I am *Alalal*, meaning  
*King-Queen* of the  
Long Dark Shoal of  
Suroban.

Ah. Nice *title*.  
I'm the *Doctor* -  
that's another title.  
Titles are *good*...





You say you have come to our world by **accident**. How is this possible?

Well, to cut a long story short, it's probably **my** fault. Slight misalignment of the materialisation field in my TARDIS! **Accidentally** flipped the **Seamancer** halfway across the galaxy... and here we are.



You **talk** too much!

Tell me about it. Look, I know this is **awkward**. Uninvited guests and all that...



... and **believe me**, we didn't want to come here ourselves...

Why? What's **wrong** with our world?

Nothing, nothing at all. Listen, I **love** travelling around the universe, seeing new places, meeting new, er, people and everything. It's just that, with the Doctor, it gets **complicated**...



You **also** talk too much. It seems to be a **curse** of your species.

You clearly have some **intelligence**, however, even if you are descended from early hominid **primates**. I therefore grant you all a stay of **execution**...



You have until **moondown** to leave our world. If you are **still** on Surobos by the time the **three moons** have left the sky, then you will all be **killed**.



Great, fine, **whatever**. Can I please **get up** now?



And so...

Gentlemen, Miss Jones... this is a little more than a **death sentence**. I cannot see how we can **ever** leave this world, let alone do it by **morning**...

If we got here, we can get **back**. We need to recover the **Seamancer** first, though...

The **Seamancer's** at the **bottom of the sea**, you idiot.

It sank off the cove. It can't be more than a few fathoms down.

Don't be **stupid**. Even if we **could** get it up, we can hardly just **sail** back to planet Earth, can we?

Let's hear what the Doctor has to say, cook. He knows more about this kind of thing than **any** of us. As far as I'm concerned, he is now **leader** of this expedition.

Bah!

We need to get the **TARDIS** back, don't we, Doctor?

Your **police box**?

That's the one. Martha's **right** - if I can get to the TARDIS, I can get us **all** back home. Unfortunately it **sank** with your ship.

The aliens waste time and energy **arguing** among themselves...

Is there **any** way for them to leave Surobos, Alalal? Perhaps they require some **assistance**?

No, Jalkis. I forbid it! They are **alien** to our world and therefore **dangerous**. I have been patient and allowed them time enough to see their predicament for what it is - **futile**. At moon-down they will be **executed**.

Why are we **wastin' time** like this? We're all **dead meat**, I tell ya! Them **monsters**, they're just sittin' up there **laughin'** at us... waitin' until it's time to stick us all like **pigs**.

They've given us a little **time**, cook. We should try to **use it**. The Doctor and Captain Ketley will think of **something**...





It was that *skinny friend* o' yours that got us into this *mess* in the first place! I oughta *wring his scrawny neck*...

Yeah? Well I suggest you wait until he's *saved yours*!



Aargh! That man! He's so stupid!

He's *frightened*, Martha. The only way he knows how to express that is through *aggression*. Just ignore him.

Anyway, I've managed to pinpoint the *exact location* of the wreck. I'm going to try to *swim down* to it and find the TARDIS.



*Swim down*? You're *kidding*! That's *impossible*! You don't even have any *breathing gear*... you'll *kill yourself*!

Well, I can *hold my breath* for a *bit* longer than a *human*. Anyway, I have to *try* - it's our only chance.



Perhaps I can *help*, Doctor...

That's *very kind*. I could do with an extra pair of hands. Or *tentacles*.



I am *Jalkis*. We Suroban are equally at home *beneath* the waves as *above*.

That's lucky.

The waters here are infested with carnivorous *Skilus eels* and there will be much *danger* for you. I will guide you down to the wreck and *protect* you from the Skilus, but on *no account* must Alalal know that I am *helping* you.



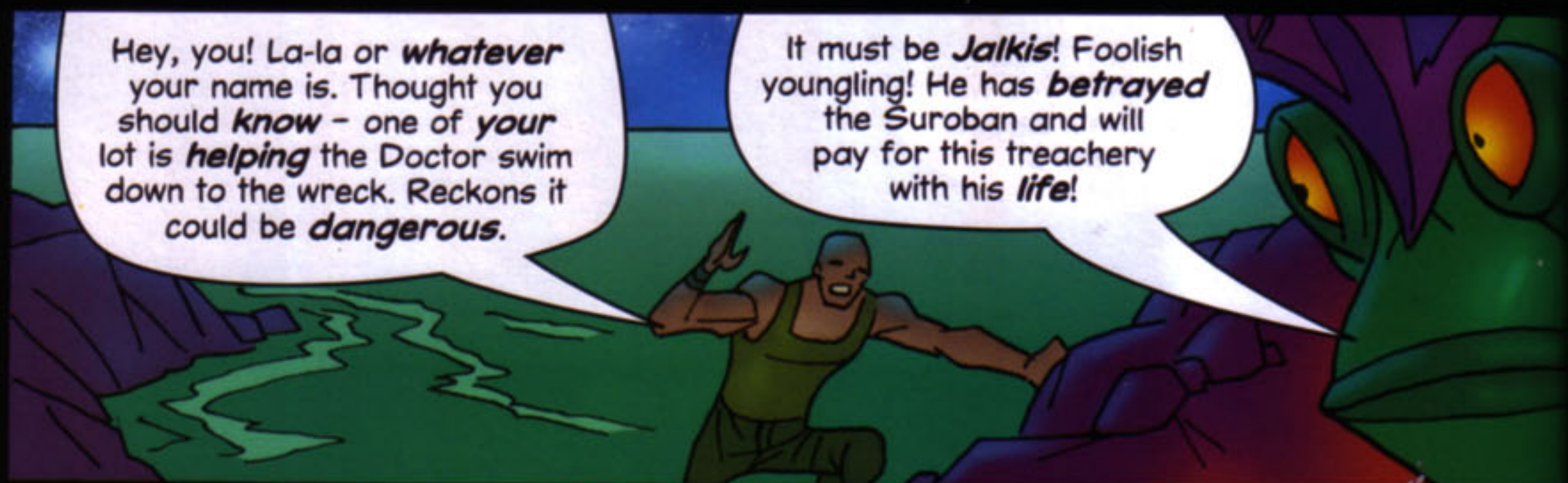
"The Skilus usually **attack** Suroban divers on **sight**, Doctor. Distracting them will be **easy**, but you must find what you are looking for **quickly**."



Hurry, Doctor! The Skilus can **sense** fear!

Hey, you! La-la or **whatever** your name is. Thought you should **know** - one of **your** lot is **helping** the Doctor swim down to the wreck. Reckons it could be **dangerous**.

It must be **Jalkis**! Foolish youngling! He has **betrayed** the Suroban and will pay for this treachery with his **life**!



Meanwhile...



The TARDIS - at **last**!

Aarrgh! Doctor!

Hey, what's going on? The third moon hasn't **gone down** yet! The Doctor's still down by the wreck!

We have been **betrayed**. You will **never** leave Suroban. Now is the time for you to **die**!

Don't poke me with that thing, you slimy lump! That wasn't part of the **deal**!



What deal?

I didn't **know** this would happen, I **swear**!



The Doctor **made** it!





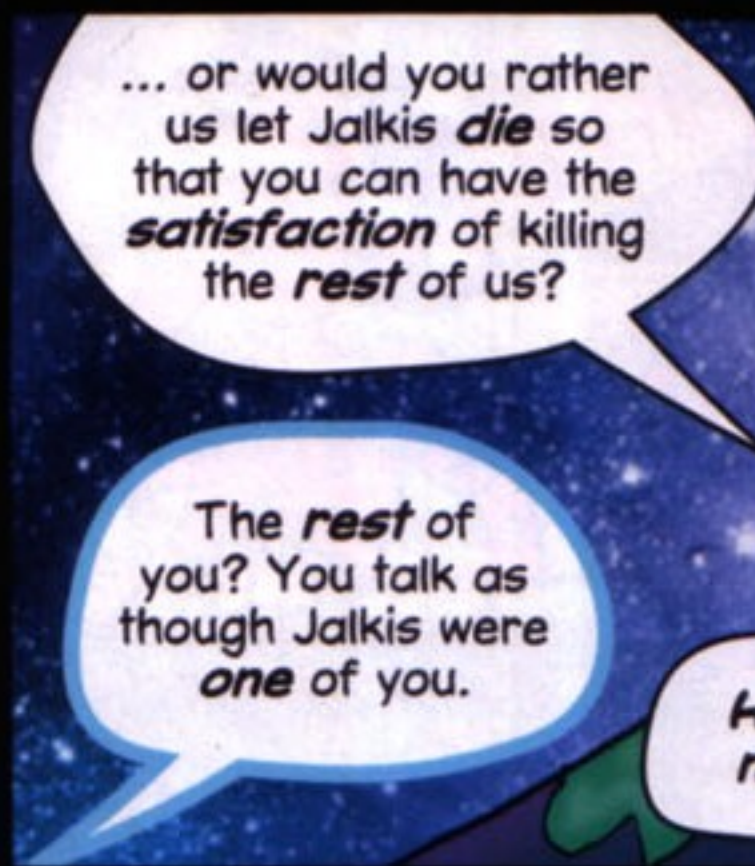
Quickly! Jalkis has been **injured**. The Skilus eels got him!



Let me see him! Jalkis, can you **hear** me? **Jalkis?**

Do not **touch** the Suroban! I **forbid** it! Jalkis is a **traitor**!

He's **saved** all our lives, Alalal! Let us **treat** his wounds and we can all **leave** ...



... or would you rather us let Jalkis **die** so that you can have the **satisfaction** of killing the **rest** of us?

The **rest** of you? You talk as though Jalkis were **one** of you.

He is **now**.



Later...

I've stitched the wounds as best I can. I'm sure Jalkis will **recover** very soon.

You are **truly alien**, Martha Jones. No Suroban would do the **same** for you.

Oh, I dunno. Jalkis shows **promise**. I'd say he's more of a **hero** than a **traitor**. Make sure you treat him like one, Alalal.



I **will**, Doctor, if you **promise me** one thing - that **you** and all your kind leave Surobos **now**. Forever!



and so...

How's that?

Perfect!

How is he **doing** that? In an **old police box**?

Martha mentioned something about a **gravity beam**, but I think it is best **not** to ask. As long as the Doctor gets us back to **Earth**, I'll be happy... and so will the **Suroban**.



So, all you had to do was **reverse** the materialisation field for the **Seamancer** to go **home**?

That's **right** - only I also arranged a localised time reversal to **repair** the hull. I always like to leave things as I **found** them - if not **better**!

More adventures next issue!